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AN

EPISTLE

WITH SOME

ODES

ON

LOVE, VIRTUE,

AND

Other SUBJECTS.

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AN

EPISTLE.

CLOE, I can, with half an eye,
What 'tis that you admire, deſcry.
To Wedlock 'fore this mighty haſte,
I thought thee once a Girl of Taſte;
And that a genteel mein and air,
Only could captivate the fair:
But now I ſee a golden dart
Has ſhot poor *Cloe* thro' the heart.
Like *Danae*'s, a golden ſhower
Does all poor *Cloe*'s ſoul o'erpower.
Elſe it were ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
" That you ſhould *Plutus* ſo careſs.

At

At length has *Cupid* fix'd your ſeat
And jointure on a 'Squire's eſtate?
" Perhaps you'll own he's coarſe and old;
" But ſee there's beauty in his gold."
And can an ugly tinſel'd toy
All charming *Cloe*'s thoughts employ?
If ſo for Monkeys was your paſſion,
You might have had one in the faſhion:
But you, to ſet you off inclin'd
Have choſe the rareſt of his kind.
So Limners, when they draw a face,
Set a Black's head to give a grace.
Thee, *Cloe!* how I could deplore,
Among the living ſoon no more;
Thy glorious race, it ſeems, is run,
A cloud o'ertakes thy ſetting ſun:
O let me pity firſt thy fate,
Join'd to an object thou muſt hate!
Is it for this thy ſparkling eyes,
For luſtre with the brilliant vies?

And art and nature thus combine
To make thy image all divine?
Thy heavenly beauty proſtrate lies
To uglineſs a ſacrifice.
The faireſt of the ſtars of light
Sinks in th' obſcuring ſhades of Night.
True, the beſt ointments draw the flies,
The uglieſt worms the ſun may raiſe;
Of vapours too a cumb'rous weight,
With fogs to intercept our ſight;
At firſt tho' clear, and then o'ercaſt,
Eclips'd awhile, 'tmay ſhine at laſt:
So may'ſt thou imitate in turn,
The riſing, and the ſetting Sun.
In th' *Eaſt* at firſt thy ſun aroſe,
Its warmth, lo! ev'ry creature knows,
At the meridian did appear
The brighteſt of our Hemiſphere:
Like that thou ſetteſt in the *Weſt*,
Thy light with noxious clouds oppreſt.

If thou as ſoon can'ſt leave thy bed,
From nether regions lift thy head;
As freely viſit th' eaſtern plain,
And be, what thou waſt once, again;
As ſoon diſpel thy heavy load,
And glad again thy lov'd abode;
To all ſuperior thou wilt riſe
The brighteſt *Venus* in our Skies.

For Thee each eye diſtills a tear,
And ev'ry boſom heaves with fear:
Haſten once more to bleſs our ſight;
Till then, thou Setting Nymph, good Night.

From this the Maid whom I reſpect
May all the powers of Heav'n protect.
Ne'er let any imprudent friends
Diſpoſe her for mean-ſelfiſh ends;
But may they, e'er it be too late,
For her's provide from *Cloe*'s Fate.

Where

Where ſome have err'd, obſerve with care,
Of others failings to beware.
Learn on *Cleora* * to reflect
What miſeries, ſuch muſt expect,
As from ideal novels gueſs
Of life, and real happineſs.
And let *Anne Bullen*'s life declare
The daily dying of ſuch fair;
Themſelves and others how they cheat,
Who think they're Happy, that are Great.
Never may pleaſure's falſe alarms
Preſume to approach her tender charms,
Nor in the bud froſts nipping dare
Deſtroy the flower of the year:
Nor calumny, nor time, nor ruſt,
Trample her honour in the duſt.
As all things happen to decay,
Her beauties as they fade away,

Take,

* *See Lord* Lanſdown's *Poems.*

Take, as you've hitherto been kind,
Confer 'em all upon her mind.
Who money or eſtates poſſeſs,
Shew fortune, but not happineſs;
Titles and honours who inherit,
Not always dignity, and merit.
No graces ſhe, but thoſe of ſenſe,
No honour, but of innocence;
In pious poverty tho' left,
Neither of worth, nor friends bereft.
If gay, no Coquet, grave, no Prude,
Ne'er ſo familiar to be leud.
Ambitious o'er herſelf to reign,
Covets to make each hour a gain.
Rich in the treaſures of the mind
T'herſelf ſevere, to others kind,
Eaſy, yet ſtrict; humble, not looſe,
Charming, yet not of charms profuſe:
Neat, not affected, free, not rude,
Deſcending never to delude.

But

But may the words flow from her tongue,
As ſweet as *Philomela* ſung,
To worth, if any ungrateful prove,
To melt them into virtuous love.
Never may any deluſive wile
Her unexperienc'd mind beguile.
Her conduct ever ſo direct,
As luſtre on her to reflect.
In manners, as in honour, nice;
Deſpiſing van'ties, ſhunning vice.
May nought obſcene aſſail her ears,
As free from pains, as guilty fears:
Nor tempting thoughts approach that breaſt,
Nor anxious cares her peace moleſt.
Never let impotence, or age,
Her paſſions, or her heart engage:
Nor let her barter youth for wealth,
Or ſacrifice, to weakneſs, health.
For ſure in marriage 'tis a curſe,
Soon as a wife, to be a nurſe.

May prudence ſo direct her ways,
That others failings make her wiſe:
Ever retaining in her ſight
The univerſal rule of right:
Studious of pleaſing, none offend;
No foe rejoice, nor grieve a friend;
Paſſing the labyrinths of life
As void of anguiſh, as of ſtrife.
Oft' as gay *Cloe*'s 'fore her eyes,
Teach her to ſee, thro' that diſguiſe,
A trembling vapour, lambent fire,
Ready at ev'ry breath to expire.
On what's more ſolid let her riſe,
Theſ pring of evil wealth deſpiſe,
And learn true liberty to prize.
In high or low life think the ſame,
That virtue is the trueſt fame,
And pious poverty no ſhame.
As time makes old, may't make her ſage;
Advance in virtue as in age:

And

And when her ray of life is done,
Die as ſhe lives, without a groan.
To her is due this token of our love,
The lover ſhe may blame, but friend approve.

ODE I.

To CLOE, *falſly accus'd.*

BEAUTY's a charm
Which can, at leaſt,
'Tis ſaid, diſarm
A ſavage beaſt,
Rough from the mountains brought:
With what pretence
Could any dare,
But want of ſenſe,
Accuſe the fair,
And vent ſo raſh a thought?

By

By her darting eyes
Or was I taught,
To ſtigmatize
Th' imagin'd fault,
In ſtill more faulty rhyme?
I ſee her face
Where's ſuch good-nature,
With ſuch a grace
In ev'ry feature,
I gaze away her crime.

ODE II.

To CELIA.

SEE'ST thou the ſun, whoſe gladſome ray
Reviſits yonder bowers;
Whoſe chearful light brings on the day,
Whoſe genial heat the flowers?

But if its influence is deny'd,
All nature ſympathizes;
Wither'd is all the rural pride,
If that's reſtor'd, this riſes.

Send forth your beams, all ſo benign,
No more your light deny;
Like them we live, if you but ſhine;
But if you frown, we die.

Your

Your preſence has that charming grace,
Such joy to all you bring,
A paradiſe is ev'ry place,
Each ſeaſon is a ſpring.

ODE III.

ODE III.

The KIND EXPOSTULATION.

AND can you, *Celia*, leave your love,
Abandon'd to deſpair;
Can any ſo ungen'rous prove,
By nature form'd ſo fair?

And why thoſe many tender features,
But to beſpeak you kind?
Why you, the fineſt of all creatures,
Unleſs to charm mankind?

Was not that face, which ſhines ſo bright,
T' attract us to your arms?
Or wer'n't thoſe eyes, which give ſuch light,
To guide us to your charms?

How

How ſhoot thoſe eyes ſo many darts,
And you thoſe eyes bely?
How can you gain ſo many hearts,
Yet leave thoſe hearts to ſigh?

How can you then your lovers fire,
And yet that flame reprove?
Oh! blame yourſelf, who raiſe deſire,
And not that we're in love.

ODE IV.

To CELIA, *coy.*

CELIA, O why thoſe ſparkling eyes,
Which caſt ſo many darts!
Is it to make us all your prize,
And rob us of our hearts?

Is that ſound mind, that charming voice,
Poor captives to inſnare;
And not to make a youth your choice,
Nor yet your heart declare?

Still muſt your words, taught to beguile,
Your ſpeaking eyes deny?
Still muſt you wound, whene'er you ſmile,
And we of that wound die?

To ſmite your ſwains, you had thoſe charms,
T'intice, that heavenly tongue,
Only your love into your arms,
To cure the breaſt they ſtung.

ODE V.

To CELIA.

ENOUGH I've felt of beauty's pow'r,
'Tis time you ſhould releaſe me;
Torment me leſs, or love me more,
In either way you'll pleaſe me.

Nor think affection will be leſs,
With me, if you but ſhare it;
The ſun diffus'd, the more will bleſs,
The better we can bear it.

If 'tis eclips'd, we're in deſpair,
Collected all, it burns;
Your's not to kill is, but to chear;
Then ſmile, and bleſs by turns.

ODE VI.

The LOVER.

HOW happy the ſtates,
Of thoſe who're in love;
Who mind not the fates,
Nor great ones above:
However they fare,
Have little to care,
So the ladies their Flame but approve.

When *Celia*'s in thought,
Or dwells on my tongue,
Inſpir'd is my note,
My lyre it is ſtrung;
In each thought ſhe glows,
In ev'ry line flows,
Melodiouſly tuning my ſong.

ODE VI.

If love be a crime,
'Tis what nature taught;
The ſage's is mine,
Who'd not be in fault?
From loving of thee
I'll never be free,
Such ſlav'ry hath liberty brought.

What need I then care
How 'tis the world goes;
He hath nothing to fear,
Who has nothing to loſe:
He cannot be poor,
Who deſires no more;
With her I've the World at diſpoſe.

ODE VII.

ODE VII.

Old HERMIPPUS.

OLD tho' I ſeem, unfit for love,
Its pleaſures I remember;
The heats within my boſom move,
Like ſun-ſhine in *December*.

The winter but augments deſire,
The moon is *Hymen*'s Torch;
The cooling zephyrs fan the fire;
The ſun may warm, won't ſcorch.

The ſummer too much rarefies;
It burns, it makes us fear;
The joy which not in winter flies,
May laſt another year.

An early paſſion's ſoon forgot,
Unlike what manhood brings;
Fruit premature will ſooneſt rot;
The forward are bad ſprings.

Whilſt youthful paſſions, all decay,
Soon as enjoy'd are loſt;
With me each ſeaſon is a *May*,
But ſharpen'd by the froſt.

ODE VIII.

On CONTENTMENT.

YE powers above but a competence grant,
And a ſoul to enjoy that eſtate;
'Tis all I deſire, for no more I can want,
And the reſt let them have, whom I hate.

Let others look big, talk as great as they pleaſe,
And for me they may ſmile, or may frown;
For me let 'em hurry, for them I'm at eaſe,
For their greatneſs ſo mean, I'll not own.

To play the fool, great ones may privilege boaſt,
And to go when, or where humour draws;
By reaſon true liberty's limited moſt,
Nought but folly's exempt from the laws.

If in liberty rich, tho' as to wealth poor,
Yet with peace, and good nature I dwell;
Who ſays that the greateſt of monarchs has more?
I poſſeſs what does money excel.

What need I then care, who is rich, or who's poor,
Or be griping for what will ſoon ruſt;
Amongſt all your miſers, the conteſt's no more,
Than who ſooneſt is buried in duſt.

My horſe with myſelf the ſame liquor imbibes,
And I feed, and I dreſs with my ſheep;
I envy nor th' *Eaſt*, nor *Weſt-India* tribes,
Their ſtock they may, ſo I can mine keep.

The farmer may toil, as the citizen plays,
With much age, and more induſtry worn;
His trees will give reſt to the crows, to the jays,
And the ſparrows take tithe of his corn.

If the poor are ſo happy; contented, ſo wiſe;
Who for greatneſs would have ſuch an itch?
Who'd not have the ſenſe ſuch great fools to deſpiſe,
Who've that meanneſs to aim to be rich?

Tho' my fortune mayn't ſeem exact to my mind,
Yet my mind to my fortune I'll bring;
Who a ſoul hath, with mine, ſo nobly inclin'd,
Hath a fortune as great as a king.

ODE IX.

On VIRTUE.

I.

SACRED to virtue be my lyre;
Virtue, all my thoughts inſpire:
Away ye fooliſh trifling pleaſures,
Let none ſuch increaſe my meaſures,
The virtues are the only treaſures.

II.

For virtue more of comfort brings,
Than all the pride and pomp of kings;
Than all the pageantry of ſtates,
Or whatſoe'er on greatneſs waits;
Than what can low ambition raiſe,
Or ſtateſmen covet, coxcombs praiſe.

III.

Her pleaſures innocently gay,
Never her votaries betray;
Whilſt vice tender boſoms haunts,
In appearances enchants,
With ſo many frauds, and wiles,
Unexperienc'd youth beguiles,
Wounds the deepeſt when the moſt it ſmiles.

IV.

Virtue's preſence has the charm
Which can ev'ry vice diſarm,
The plainer, the more ſtrikes;
Vice ſo deluſively engages,
In its dire effects ſo rages,
None ſees, who not diſlikes.

V.

Virtue's pleaſures ever ſtay,
Breathing odours freſh as *May*.

Blooming flowers,
Roſy bowers,
With all the tempting charms, and powers
Of harmony and love;
With all that's delicate and fair,
To pleaſe the eye, to ſooth the ear;
With the greateſt ſeeming joy,
That can ſenſualiſts employ;
With virtue can't compare,
Like virtue cannot move.

VI.

Let others wander, ſtill purſuing
What, if got, may prove their ruin,
Oft complaining,
Nothing gaining
But gnawing cares,
Diſtracting fears,
With mutual jealouſies, and ſtrife:
Theſe, theſe the comforts of high life!

O rather

VII.

O rather give me, Gods! content,
With whate'er bleſſings you have ſent;
A ſoul to enjoy what you beſtow,
A mind myſelf, as you to know:
Inſtead of poverty or wealth,
Indulge me th' heavenly favour, health.
But ſhould you any more refuſe,
Inſtruct me what I have to uſe.
Should you reſume what you have lent
Let me not murmur, if well ſpent,
Such pleaſures I ſhall never loſe,
Of ſuch I can't repent.

FINIS.

ODE IX.

VII.

O rather give me, God! content,
With what your blessings your love sent;
A soul to enjoy what you bestow,
A mind myself, as you to know:
Instead of poverty or wealth,
Indulge me the heavenly favour, health.
But should you any more refuse,
Instruct me what I have to use.
Should your returns what you have lent
Let me not murmur, tho' well spent.
Such pleasures I shall never lose,
Of such I can't repent.

FINIS